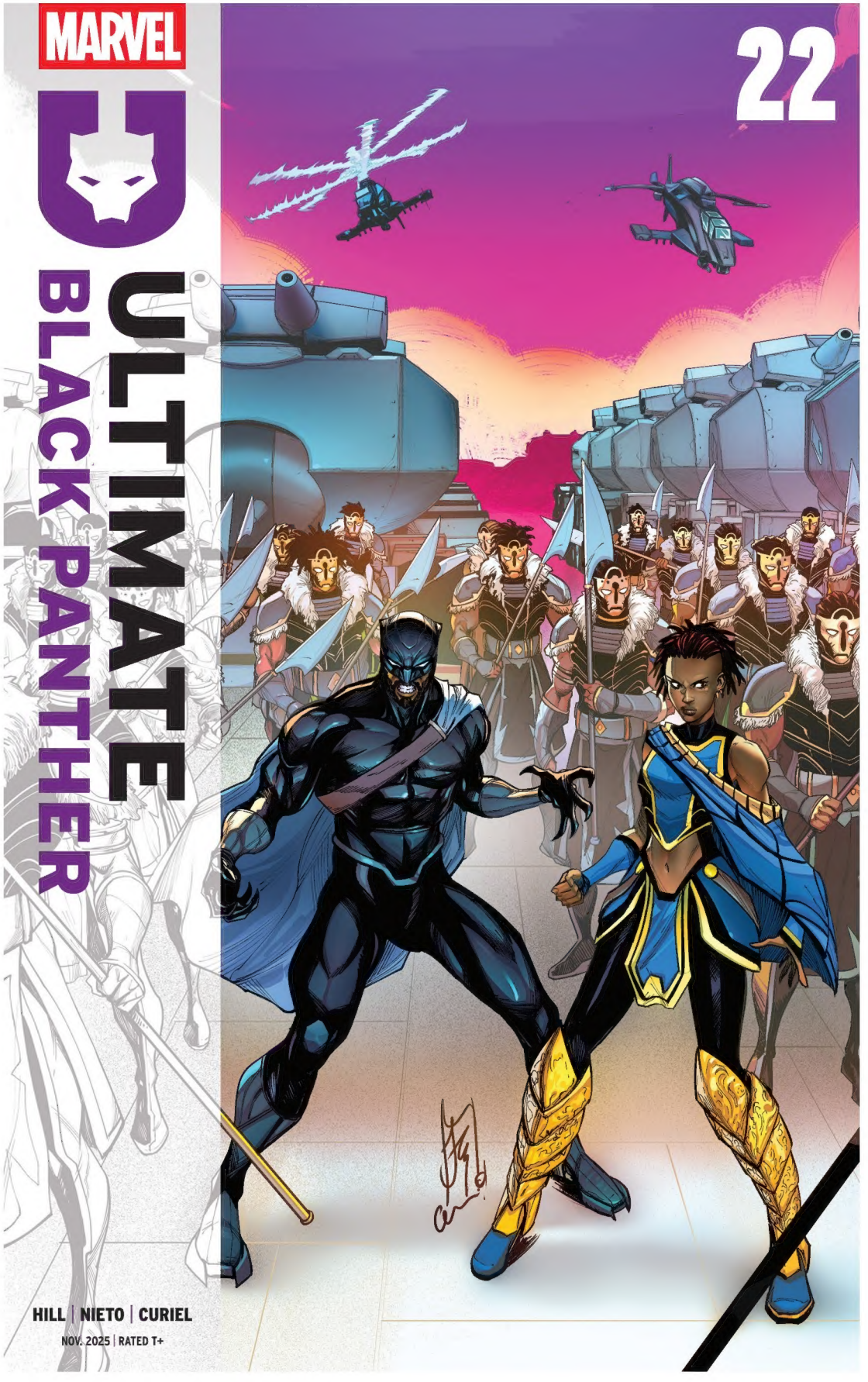
MARVEL
ULTIMATE
BLACK PANTHER
22
HILL | NIETO | CURIEL
NOV. 2025 | RATED T+

AAAAAAHH!

The pain will end soon.
Be strong.
AAAAAAHH!
Chamber of the Vodu-khan.
Serve your destiny, Ororo.
As we all must.

AAAH!
The Child of Light.
The end will bring the beginning. Of a new age.
WAAAAH!

You have done the work of a Goddess. Take your rest.
...how? ...This is impossible...it's too soon.
All things are possible now.
We are the last generation made to wait. Our belief has been rewarded. We will see the return of the First Power.
The Child of Light will make a throne of the world.
The thousand years are complete!
Hail those who came before! Hail those who will come again! Hail the paradise to come!
He will make a throne of the world!!!
"Ororo is alive."

I can feel her.
Her power is being muted.
Where is she, Inan?
The Vodu-Khan are magicians. They're folding shadow around her. The Progenitors...are aiding them.
Brace yourselves. I need an assembly with the *Allatori*.
The... what?
Allatori! Come forth and serve the Sorcerer Supreme!

Allatori. You shall be seekers.
By Mother Bast...
Your command: The elemental woman lives. Seek her.
Find her through the veil of shadow.
We serve you, Sorceress.
For the price of the assembly.
The price shall be paid.
Find her.

They will find her.
We must wait a short time.
What were those things?
You don't care. You just want her safe.
So don't ask.
They said there would be a price. What kind of price?
Your kingdom is about to be invaded by cosmic armageddon.
Ororo has been captured by zealots of the apocalypse.
You are in league with the Mother Bast and mastering dark vibranium.
Worry about your problems, King T'Challa. Let me manage the price of the Allatori.
They will succeed. They always do.
You and Erik should be ready to act. Finding her will be the easiest part of this.
Getting her back will be your challenge.
"Erik..."

...before we ride off on some of Shuri's new *war machines*, I feel like we need a deeper conversation about this.
We don't. Inan was right-- I just want her safe.
And based on the time you two spent together, I think you do too.
Do you *love her?*
Love? No.
I wanted her at the same time she wanted me-- that's all.
And does *your queen* know?
I have told Okoye, yes.
Love has never kept the throne of Wakanda strong. We are a union of power and leadership. We have grown to appreciate one another.
You must be so lonely.

Killmonger...
...you have no idea.
I'll lead the way.
Wakanda will never be a place I understand.
05

Where is my child?
It is not your child. Or T'Challa's. He was the seed. You were the vessel.
The child belongs to the light.
And you should stop trying to fight. You belong to us.
What do you want?
What the Vodu-Khan have always wanted.
Power.

And the true power lies beyond this world. It lies in the cosmos. Wakanda is a land of kings and queens.
The Vodu-Khan exists for Gods. The Gods that came once and shall come again. In this age.
In our time.
I have seen the future. The ones from beyond have shown me.
T'Challa and all of his bloodline have the will of vibranium within them. The Gods flow through their veins.
But it needed to be woven with other power. Your power, Ororo.
You don't even know what you are.
She who commands the skies to rain. You are not a woman, Ororo.
You are a storm.
And you have one more task to accomplish.
Which... is?

"Drawing the king and his weapon to us.
"So we can destroy them."
And once they are finished, nothing can stand in the way.
Wakanda will be the open gate.
And through that child, the Gods will have form in his perfect flesh.
You have borne the true king of Wakanda.
Let that satisfy you.
WAAAH!!
WAAAH!!

Do you see, my storm?
They come to make their home in him now.
C-THOOM

Ororo... hear me.
Hold fast to your strength. Listen.
That thing is *not* your child. And it must be *destroyed.*
Who... are you?
Who are *you?*
What are you?
You cannot be bound by the zealots. Since you were born, you have fled from your power. But you know what you are. What you can do.
Embrace it. *Now.* Without fear. Make that zealot rue her words.
Be the *storm.*

These Vodu-Khan. They have magic.
Apparently. I just thought they were mystics. Relics of earlier times. Safe in my father's patience.
What's the difference between a mystic and a magician, T'Challa?
The difference is *power!*
K-TASH
I have grown tired...
...of your power!

You know nothing!
The cosmos is within me.
You're lost!
Fools!
He has already come.
And we are in His palm. We are His weapon.
The Old Ones have finally come.
Shame neither of you will witness it.

HRAAAH!
T'Challa, I have--
AAAHH!
Yes...
THLSSH
Erik!
Come to me...my king...

AHH-
AHHH-AHH!
You rise. We are here to protect you.
KRAK
Ahhhh.
You chose... the wrong God.
We have you, messiah. Trust our faith.

He is here.... Wakanda will be their throne...
This world...is theirs...
WHERE IS SHE?!?!
ARGH!
AAAAAA
I am here.
SHE'S BACK

Unh...
Be still, Erik Killmonger.
An arcane wound I can heal.
What... are you?
I am Bast. I am that in which you do not believe.
But I am patient.
The child is the gateway. Wakanda is their goal. Then the entire world.
The three of you are all that stands in their way. But you will have to do more than *stand.*
You will need to *fight.*
And I will teach you how.
TO BE CONTINUED...